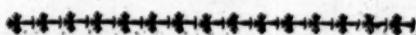


T H E
Wonderful Old Woman.

Tune—*Derry Down.*



SINCE a Wonderful Man I find is quite common,
A wonderful tale I'll relate of a Woman;
When a child, she was counted an infant, 'tis hinted,
And was always best pleas'd, when she seem'd most
contented.

Her form was most strange, for as it told us,
She was born with a head that was plac'd on her
shoulders;

She could see with her eyes, with her tongue she could
talk,

And her legs always mov'd when she happen'd to walk

When she found herself cold, she would often desire,

(So cunning was she) to be plac'd by the fire;

If she found it too hot, (it is true what I say)

So great was her sense, she would move quite away.

Old maxims she had a great store in her mind;

And knew when she went first, she was never behind;

'Twas odd you may say, but 'twas certainly so,

Nothing troubled her mind but misfortune and woe.

In the morning she always got up when she rose,

Nor ever look'd naked, when cover'd with cloaths;

She had an arm to each leg, and, strange to relate!

She had fingers and toes to her hands and her feet.

Having pass'd thro' this life in a manner uncommon,

When dead, she was silent,—altho' an old woman;

But the strangest event happen'd after her death;

To the grave she was carry'd, and quite out of breath!

FOWLER, PRINTER, SALISBURY.